

It is easy to find water snakes in the fall. At noon, they sun themselves. You will often almost step upon a snake before you will notice it or it will notice you. When it discovers that you are near, it will invariably move away. If you can find a large piece of metal or a large rock on a sand bar, there will often be a snake beneath it.

At night, the frogs in the reeds beyond the island come to life. Although you can occasionally see one in the daytime, it is at night that you realize how many there must be. It seems as if nocturnal noises are especially noticeable in autumn.

III

The sun is at the bottom of its scale of declination. The British on the Fiji Islands stay indoors at noon, away from the burning sun directly overhead. It is February; it is winter; it is cold in Indianapolis.

The visible flow of the river has been locked by ice. The trees, except the beech and the oak, are without leaves. On these two hang dead leaves, remembrances of a summer that has gone. The ground has a

thin layer of snow and more is falling. The river is a lonesome place for those who have seen it during its active period in summer, but it is not without life.

There are several kinds of winter birds. Many robins do not fly south. The cardinals and the blue jays are still here; here, too are the sparrows and the crows. Squirrels and ground squirrels are active in spite of the snow. Fish still swim under the ice, and microscopic plants and animals live there for the fish to feed upon.

Skating parties come down the river to a place just above the rapids. There is also good skating on the back ponds beyond the north bank. This place is sheltered from the wind by small hills; its only connections to the river are two channels near opposite ends of the ponds. There are hollow trees along the bank in which fires can be built. The river is a wonderful place in the winter time.

With the change in seasons comes a change of items of individual interests as items, but the fascination of the river never diminishes.

MY FAVORITE SPOT

SAM STARK

My favorite spot is in the Marion Railway car shops. This may seem strange to anybody else, but that is what I like. I like to stand in the door-way of the shops and watch the bright orange cars move about the yard. The sound of the wheels rolling over low joints is music to my ears.

The atmosphere of three brick buildings on the property is of a busy street car company. The building to the west is for storage of equipment. Much activity is seen around this building. The next one to it is

for the maintenance of equipment. Loud noises of machinery are heard from the building, especially when they are rebuilding some equipment. The third building in the row is used as storage space for spare parts. In front of these buildings is a yard with a large hedge around it, which make them more pleasing to look at.

It is about time for Mr. Hopkins to start out on a run. Hoppy boards the car as I put the trolley pole up. Then comes the rhythmic chug of the compressor. Next

the throwing of the switches in the yard. Now, everything is ready for the car to proceed on its way. Hoppy looks at his watch and releases the air brakes. It's 2:40 and time to go.

Sometimes when Joe is there, he will let me pull a street car out of the shops and put it into the storage barn. The time is five o'clock. Joe and I go over to

the barn and get all the extras on track one. Several motormen board the cars and pull out for different runs. The motors and gears hum as they begin to move. The last car is just leaving, so there won't be much to do for awhile. It is time for me to leave also. These shops are my favorite spot.

THEY GO TO YOUR HEAD

MARY JOHNSON

The nearest to perfect happiness a woman ever gets is when she is shopping. Not the ordinary "every-day" kind of shopping for celery, onions, potato chips, salt or white thread (No. 60), but the intriguing, glamorous type of shopping for wearing apparel. This applies to all kinds of clothes; dresses, coats, suits, sweaters, shirts, shoes, purses, and gloves. Hats, however, are another story. They belong in a class by themselves. A woman's true character is often displayed when shopping for a new chapeau.

The school girl goes about her task in a happy carefree mood. She travels from store to store in an endeavor to find exactly what she wants. She tries on every bit of straw and every casual felt in the establishment. She tries several classic types — the kind that are made of the best felt and generally bear a well-known milliner's label, and invariably look like an English Girl Guide's version of what the best dressed woman is wearing. Next she tries a few of those extreme types that more closely resemble a page from *Vogue* than anything else. She even considers a few of those delightfully feminine bits of flowers

on a piece of straw, or a tall crocheted number laden with cherries. However, the young miss's good sense usually returns to her before she makes her purchases and she treks home with nothing more disastrous than a felt bonnet surrounded by yards of veiling.

The debutante, although she is older and supposedly wiser, is apt to have more extreme taste in her choice of hats. They must be chic and the latest thing, and must never suggest naivety. This kind of girl is well acquainted with at least one sales person in each department of every store in the immediate town. She doesn't waste time in going from shop to shop in search for "the" hat — the shops come to her. Her name and telephone number are known by the clerks (or maybe just one particular clerk) and when a new model arrives in which they think she might be interested, she is informed of this event and can then visit the store to view it at her leisure. If this new bonnet has the right degree of sophistication, it is more than likely that the clerk will make a sale.

Probably no one has ever followed a house wife on her search for a hat. If they